



# Soulmates

[romance](#)

👁 61 ✓ 4 ★ 7

## Chapter 1 by Jilyislovejilyislife

'I hate this.' I think to myself. 'Stupid soulmates with their colorful flower tattoos.' I take another sip of my tea and look around at the couples in the coffee shop, then look back at the blue-gray walls, my favorite color. Everybody I know has a soulmate already. My mom and dad of course, my best friends Ethan, and Cate, my sister Bailey and my brother Connor. Each of them have there own flower tattoos. you get one when you meet your soulmate. Bailey has calla's on her shoulder, Ethan has Bluebells on his ribcage, Connor has Dahlia's on his waist, mom has a Anemones on her side, dad has a Nigella on his ankle and Cate has some Scilla's on her calf. I don't have any flowers. Not yet. It is hard to find your soulmate but fate puts them near you. I sigh, brushing my long brown hair away from my face, get up and throw my cup in the trash. My phone buzzes as I make my way out of the shop. I see Ethan is calling and I accept. "Sara the bookshop needs you to help sort some books." I head over to the bookshop where I work and end the call with Ethan. This is going to be a long day.

## Chapter 2 by Jilyislovejilyislife



I take the books out of the boxes.

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he glares at me and rolls his eyes playfully.

"Hey i'm not judging." I say.

### Chapter 3 by Ilse the Imaginer



He huffs at me. "Just do your job."

"Just do your job!" I mimic in a whisper, so no one can hear. I could see the bluebells poking out of his collar and I feel a foul mood coming on. Crap. I needed to focus.

A customer walked into the room. Courtney, the Tuesday help from Corden, walked over with a simper on her heavily cosmetically applied face. "Well, aren't you just a scoop of sugar!" she said in her honeyed accent. Perhaps the only person I really knew without a tattoo, she hovered over anyone long enough to tell if she felt the twinge of a flower growing in her skin. I hated her, but at least this way I could leave dealing with customers to someone else.

"My, oh my!" she said, as six men walked into the room. She was having a heyday.

The room was crowded when my shift ended and I excused myself.

That's when I felt a twinge.

### Chapter 4 by 🍷MadiRose🍷



My eyes widen, and my hand flies to my shoulder, where I'd felt the twinge.

'I might have imagined it,' I tell myself, scanning the room for anyone doing the same. 'Maybe it was just from sorting all those books, or something.'

Ethan noticed that I froze, holding my shoulder, and comes over.

"You alright, Sara?" He asks, and I panic.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine. Just a little sore. From stacking the books. I'm fine," I say, and then dart up to the second floor of the bookstore.

The second floor is a loft with comfy chairs and cozy nooks to read in. If I look down over the rail, I can see all of the store below.

Examining the customers looking for anyone who stands out, I walk the perimeter of the loft, trying to get as close to everyone as possible.

A girl wearing too much makeup and a boy who is examining the romance novels? Phew, no twinge.

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An older guy in khakis and a blue button-up shirt looking at the self-improvement books? *No twinge, thank goodness.*

A lady with hair that reminded me of the Aroua Borealis looking at the sci-fi thrillers? *No twinge, although I wound't mind one.*

Identical twin boys with curly red hair and pale skin who were shoving each other around and almost knocking over the spinning rack of comic books? *No twinges, sadly. So who-?*

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a flash of movement.

Someone moved in my favorite corner of the bookstore, by the manga novels and fantasy books.

Someone in a paint-splattered black hoodie and blue jeans is examining the spines.

I get as close as possible to the figure; when I'm standing about seven feet above the person, I feel another twinge.

The figure stiffens, and whirls around.

"Psst," I whisper and the person freezes, before turning slowly and looking up at me.

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